

the Master when there was no danger; but where is he when danger comes?

3. Do not be discouraged, the 22,000 were not condemned, nor the 9,700. They were not fully fitted for the work God wanted done on the spot. They were not heroes in the highest sense. But that is not saying they were good for nothing. They could follow up the victory or cultivate the farms and so on.

Because you cannot lead or because you can not initiate a great work, that is no evidence that you cannot aid in that work. If you cannot inspire you can be inspired. If you can not lead you can follow. A lesson that many need to learn now is that a good follower is worth more than a poor leader.

VICTORY BY DEATH.

BY C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Beloved:—Yours is indeed a pathetic letter. A sad history, verily. You need to pray, a hundred times a day, as I do myself. The great petition Paul presents in Colossians i, 11. "ALL might," "THY glorious power," "Unto all patience, and long suffering, with joyfulness." What possibilities of grace here! The cross binds us to suffering and conquest and peace and joy even unto death. I am only a few years younger than you, and am acquainted with all the tenting and testing places from Raamses to Kadesh—Barnea. Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation; for when he is *tried* he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him. James i, 12. Always *dying*, always *living*. II Cor. iv, 10, 11

Your study of the Bible in the light of science will not bring you the solace you crave. So-called science is so largely made up of guesses, that it can no more be depended on in the soul's extremity than a broken reed. This is emphatically true in its relation to the higher life. Here it is notoriously speculative and unreliable. Joseph Parker, in his booklet entitled "*Job's Comforters*," has pulverized Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, and lo in its application to material interests it is more successful. And even there, A. Wilford Hall has given them a score of neck-breaking backward summersaults.

All the scientists in the world cannot answer the interrogations of the Almighty in Job. xxxviii, 39, 40, 41.

As "Jesus returned in the power of the spirit into Galilee" after his contest with the devil in the wilderness, so it is possible for you to return to your family in the same power, and exhibit in every trial that awaits you the complete victory you gained over the great adversary in your seclusion. Where self is wholly crucified, and Jesus alone reigns the life becomes a succession of miracles. Heaven and earth and hell will marvel at our supremacy over the powers of darkness. John xiv, 12 is not obsolete. Philpp iv, 13, is still in the present tense. I Cor. xv, 57, is the pean of all the christian centuries. What saint can stand an hour without Eph. vi, 10? Rom. viii, 35-39 is the text of Christendom. What a Savior! What a salvation! HALLELUIAH, AMEN.

Selections.

GOD'S WORKMANSHIP.

If a piece of iron could speak, what would it say? It would say, "I am black, I am cold, I am hard." Perfectly true. Put that piece of iron into the furnace and wait awhile, and what would it say? "The blackness is gone the coldness is gone and the hardness is gone"—it has passed into a new experience. But if that piece of iron could speak, surely it would not glory in itself, because the fire and iron are two distinct things that remain distinct to the last. If it could glory, it would glory in the fire not in itself—in the fire that kept it a bright, molten mass. So in myself I am black, I am cold, and I am hard, but if the Lord take possession of my soul, if I am filled with love, if His Spirit fills my being, the blackness will go, and the coldness will go, and the hardness will go; and yet the glory does not belong to me, but to the Lord, who keeps me in a sense of His love.—T. Monod.

CONSIDERING THE POOR.

The incident which influenced the Earl of Shaftesbury's whole career and led him toward a life of philanthropy was indeed a strange one. It occurred when he had been at Harrow about two years, and yet a boy between fourteen and fifteen. He was one day walking along down Harrow Hill, when he

was startled by hearing a great shouting in a side street; and then he beheld a coffin carried by four or five drunken men. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let the burden fall, and then broke out into foul and horrible language. Horrified at the sickening spectacle, he gazed spellbound, and then exclaimed, "Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?" And before the horrid sound of the drunken songs had died in the distance, he had resolved to devote his life to the cause of the poor and friendless.—Sel.

THE UNFAILING HAND.

A traveller, following his guide amid the awful Alpine heights, reached a place where the path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide holding on to the rock with one hand, extended his other hand over the precipice for the traveller to step upon and pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said: "*That hand never lost a man.*" He stepped upon the hand and passed on safely.

The child of God who takes the Savor as his guide in this world of darkness and danger has the help of an unfailing hand.—Sel.

PROCRASTINATION.

The steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress, bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America:" "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair and going down; lie by till morning," was the answer. "Let me take your passengers on board now." But as it was night the commander of the "Central America" did not like to send his passengers away least some might be lost, and thinking that they could keep afloat a while longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." Once again the captain of the rescue ship called, "You had better let me take them now." "Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet. About an hour and a half later her lights were missed; and though no sound was heard, the "Central America" had gone down and all on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time.—Sel.

A good conscience is the finest opiate.—John Knox.